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VOLUME VII.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1878.

NUMBER 42.

POETRY.

October.

Oh, loosely swings the purpling vine,
The yellow maples flame before,
The golden-tawny ash-trees stand
Hard by our cottage door;
October glows on every cheek,
October shines in every eye,
While up the hill and down the dale
Her crimson banners fly.—*Scribner.*

STORY TELLER.

PENNY WISE AND POUND FOOLISH.

"We will express our trunks, I sup-
pose," said Amy, rising from her knees
with a sigh, where she had been strap-
ping said baggage, till her fingers
were bruised with the strain—"we
will express our trunks," she repeated,
"and have nothing upon our minds.
If there is any thing that makes travel-
ing a bugbear, it is having to look up
one's effects amidst a crowd of rags
and garlic, picking it out from among
five hundred counterparts, with the
bell ringing, and one's heart beating."
"Express our trunks, Amy! what
nonsense! I shouldn't think of it for
an instant!" cried Aunt Hitty. "It
would be a wicked extravagance, for
which we should deserve a visitation
of Providence. I've traveled miles
and miles in my day, and I've always
taken care of my own things, and ex-
pect to do it as long as the breath is
in my body."
"If we don't express them through,"
persisted Amy, "we shall have to take
a hack when we reach Niagara, and it
will be about as broad as it is long in
the matter of expense."

"Take a hack! not a bit of it. Mrs.
Dow caught the varioloid in one. No;
I'll just send the baggage to the hotel
in a job wagon, and we'll walk. You
will never learn the first principles of
economy, Amy. Take care of the pen-
nies, child, and the pounds'll take care
of themselves."
"I wish the trunks would. We shall
change cars five times, you know, be-
tween Borrowdale and Niagara; and
we must look them up each time, and
have them rechecked, and make out
connections by the skin of our teeth.
It would be altogether more comfort-
able to express them."

"I dare say; but economy before
comfort is my motto. Never send by
express what you can carry your-
self. We will take turns looking up
the baggage if it's so disagreeable; for
my part, I'm thankful I've any
baggage to look after."
The trunks were sent down to the
station early next morning on a wheel-
barrow, and, as the distance was short,
Amy and her aunt followed on foot, ar-
riving in season to see the wheelbarrow
give out, like the "one-hoss shay," and
spill its contents upon the highway.
Aunt Hitty was obliged to pay a
quarter on the spot for a second pair
of masculine arms to convey the
trunks into the station, and Amy
being supplied with a bag, an envel-
ope box containing sandwiches, a wa-
terproof in a strap, and a novel each.

"We might as well have taken a
carriage," suggested Amy, "and have
started in some style, if only for the
confusion of the neighbors," and even
then there would have been a balance
in our favor." Aunt Hitty did not
appear to be affected by this economi-
cal view of the situation, her mind
being engaged at that moment upon
the conundrum whether she should be
obliged to buy a new wheelbarrow
for Neighbor Cramp, or if the old one
could be revamped to his satisfaction;
but before she could arrive at a solu-
tion the conductor cried, "All aboard,"
and they were plunging through the
tunnel, flying across the bridge, hur-
rying past every body's back door,
past the old burying-ground, out into
the clear country, with the distant
mountain peaks outlined against the
sky, with fringes of reddening sumac,
and burning bushes of maple and
beech, and the ragged pinnacles of
creepers and blackberry vines closing
in about them.

"Jerusalem Centre!" shouted the
conductor. "Passengers change cars
for Binghamton."

While Aunt Hitty was manœvering
to avoid the smoking-car in her en-
trance into the Binghamton train,
Amy rechecked her trunks, and smash-
ed her eyeglasses in the attempt. At
the next point of connection Aunt
Hitty transacted the business with
dignity and composure, but found, af-
ter the train had started, that she had
left "The Last Days of Pompeii" be-
hind her.

"And it belonged to your book
club, too," sighed Amy.

At the third station where they
were obliged to change Amy secured
the checks without any mishap, and
being now fairly launched on the road
to Boston, they disposed themselves to
dine from the envelope box, and Aunt
Hitty produced the silver cup from
which she had eaten her bread and
milk when she was in pinafores, and
her grandmothers before her.

"I'm glad I brought it," she said;

"it doesn't cost any more to drink
from silver than from glass, when it's
an heir-loom. How any one can use
that promiscuous tumbler passes me."

"There's Dorset Travis, Aunt Hitty,
sure as you live. Oh, I do wish he
would look this way!" whispered Amy.
"I would rather you shouldn't let
on you saw him. People are so apt
to get intimate on a journey," return-
ed her aunt. "Read your novel, child.
A Vane wasting a thought upon a
Travis! Such a thing was never known
in Borrowdale; it would make all your
ancestors groan in their graves. In
your great grandfather's day there
were the Travis Arms and the Vane
Hall. We were of the best blood in
the county; nobody knows if they
had any ancestry; their family tree is
an acorn yet, for all I know. When
your forefathers were living in clover
and faring sumptuously every day,
old Martin Travis was to buy himself
a second suit."

"And now the tables are turned.
We have the poverty, and they the
money."

"But we are Vanes, while they will
be only Traveses to the end of the
chapter."

"As the case stands, aunty, I would
rather be a Travis, thank you."
"Don't let me hear you utter such
blasphemy again, Amy Vane!"

"I'm sure the girls in Borrowdale
are always talking about him as if he
were the Great Mogul. I'm sure he
is very nice—I met him once at Miss
Cabot's, you know; we spent a fort-
night there at the same time. I may
be obliged to speak to him, you see.
If you'd only turn your head, Aunt
Hitty, and look at him, you'd say he
was a prince in disguise. Did you
ever see him?"

"Never. The idea of old Martin
Travis's grandson aspiring to an equal-
ity with the Vanes! Why, he has
blackened your great grandfather's boots,
for aught I know!"

"I can't help it if he has blackened
my great grandfather's eye. I wish
his grandson would come and talk
to us. And how he can talk! I don't
believe a Vane could hold a candle to
him. There he goes into the smoking
car. So my prospective pleasure ends
in smoke."

"Amy Vane, remember who you
are!" And then they relapsed into si-
lence, and Aunt Hitty took a nap,
while Amy watched the gray autumn
world waltz past her—the fields where
cattle grazed; the broken walls festooned
with the wild grape, the gaudy
vines; the swollen streams chafing
over their pebbles; the rich vistas of
woodland, like glimpses into some ca-
thedral crusted with gold and inlaid
with jewels; the saucy little chip-
munks darting among the nut-trees;
the whirl of wild wings among the
underbrush; the bursting pods of the
milkweed; the drifts of purple asters
and golden-rod. How delightful it
might be to travel in October with
somebody like Dorset Travis to talk
with, and one's baggage in the ex-
press!

"Have we collided?" cried Aunt
Hitty, waking with a sudden jerk, "or
what is it?"
"Boston," said Amy.
"Oh, of course. Now you take my
umbrella and my bag and water-proof,
and secure seats in the New York
train, while I secure the baggage."

How dark and smoky and crowded
the depot seemed just then! Engines
were puffing and filling, bells were
ringing, hackmen shouting, every one
rushing hither and yon, elbowing,
pushing. Was all creation on route
for somewhere? Was anybody left at
home to look after the silver and the
"help?" Aunt Hitty wondered as she
insinuated herself into the neighbor-
hood of the baggage-car and adjusted
her glasses. "Mercy," said she, "what
a bedlam!"

"Isn't it, though!" replied a woman
at her elbow. "I can't hear my own
ears—can you? Seems as though my
baggage wouldn't ever turn up. It's
dreadful standing here at the mercy
of this crowd, they push you about so.
Pardon; did I tread on your skirt?"

"Oh, never mind," said Aunt Hitty;
"twasn't your fault. Isn't that my
trunk? No—oh dear!"

"It's awfully confusing," she con-
fessed, having finally joined Amy in
the New York train. "It's a pity that
some of the people can't stay at home.
I should think it was a Bedouin com-
munity."

"Tickets!" demanded the conductor,
on his rounds.

Aunt Hitty plunged her hand into
her dress pocket, into the pocket of
her over-skirt, into the pocket of her
sacque, into her bag, and wrestled
with all its contents. "Goodness save
us!" she gasped, "my pocket—has
been—picked!" Fortunately Miss Hit-
ty had taken the precaution of secret-
ing the bulk of her funds about her
person, and the pocket-book had con-
tained only ten dollars in money, a
recipe for mock mince pies, and scraps
of poetry, the tickets being in Amy's
charge, as it happened. "Well, there
was such a crowd in the depot, that I
wonder I came away with my senses,"
she explained. "Do get me a drink

of water, Amy. I'm as dry as a fish,
from excitement" (though why a fish,
which is always wet, should be called
dry, is a paradox Miss Hitty didn't
reflect upon). "The cup is in my bag.
No! Amy Vane, how helpless you
are! If it was a bear, it would bite
you. Give me the bag!" But alas!
Miss Hitty's bag was unlike little Ben-
jamin's sack; the silver cup was not
to be found in it! "You don't sup-
pose I left it in the cars in Boston?"
she questioned—"that cup, which has
been in the family for generations?"

"We can telegraph to Boston from
the next station," suggested Amy,
who had a family feeling for the cup,
after all, "and perhaps recover it.
Don't you want to speak to the con-
ductor about a sleeping car?"

"A sleeping car! What do you think
I'm made of?"

"Dust; aren't you?" laughed Amy,
saucily.

"I should suppose you thought it
was gold dust, at the very least. No
sleeping car for me, thank you, with
my silver cup lost and my pocket
picked. I must begin to economize
somewhere."

"You will have an attack of your
asthma, Aunt Hitty; you aren't used
to sitting up all night."

"I'll make the experiment, any way;
two dollars aren't to be sneezed at in
my circumstances. A penny saved is a
penny earned."

"You won't get a wink of sleep.
For my part, I would rather pay twenty
dollars than lose a night's rest."

"I dare say you would. You've no
more idea of economy than the babes
in the woods. Any one who's sleepy
can sleep on stilts."

"Very well; pleasant dreams to
you."

It seemed to Amy as if the night
were endless. Not a tree, nor a water
course, nor a russet-hill-side to be
discerned through the darkness; not
so much as a star for company, nothing
but the smoky lamps winking at
her. Some few passengers were talk-
ing together as if they had just met af-
ter years of separation; some had fallen
asleep with their heads in every in-
conceivable position, threatening disloca-
tion and apoplexy, with their faces
wearing that look of helplessness which
the open mouth suggests; others
called peanuts to their aid; while one
or two couples beguiled the hours
and each other with flirtation. Amy
wished with all her heart that Mr.
Travis had been at hand to help her
kill time; as for Aunt Hitty, she im-
provised a pillow of her water-proof,
and got a creak in her neck instead of
a nap; and when everybody had about
abandoned the hope of overtaking the
morning, go at what lightning speed
they would, the lights began to look like
sickly ghosts at cock-crow, the eastern
sky blushed like a rose, unfolding petal
after petal of light and color, birds
began to flutter along the wayside,
shaking the dew from wing and bush
in their flight, and presently the train
rolled into the Grand Central Depot,
and stopped panting and wheezing.

Though so early, there were trains al-
ready arriving and departing from
and toward all parts of the compass,
with tumult of smoke and clanging
bells, of belching steam and human
voices; a ghastly dinginess brooded
over the place, where the pale lamps,
still resisting the invasion of daylight,
made confusion worse confounded;
and the early chill penetrated to the
bones.

"Give me your purse, Amy," com-
manded Miss Hitty, "while you look
up the baggage; it isn't worth while
to risk any thing. I'll go and buy the
tickets, and keep a seat for you in the
Hudson River train." Miss Hitty's
voice was husky, and her eyes were
full of metaphorical sticks.

"It would have been so much better
if you had had a sleeping-car," said
Amy.

"A fiddle stick!" answered Miss
Hitty. "We've gotten through the
night and saved our money, that's one
comfort."

Amy had never been in New York
before—indeed her traveling had
chiefly been confined to a trip to Bos-
ton once a year—and the crowd and
confusion, the rush and hurry every
one seemed to be in, the shuffling
and shunting of cars, added to the
stupid half-awake sensation resulting
from a broken night gave her a nerv-
ous lack of confidence in herself. It
appeared an eternity before her trunks
came to light, and an noon or two be-
fore they were finally checked; then
she picked her way through the throng
as speedily as possible, only to see
the Hudson River train moving out
of the depot. She stood like one par-
alyzed, and watched it go, letting the
crowd surge around her. Some one
out of the human vortex paused and
looked at her, turned back, and held
out a re-assuring hand.

"Miss Vance, I believe," said Dor-
set Travis. "Are you waiting for any
one? Can I be of service to you?"

"Oh, Mr. Travis, I have lost my
train!" cried Amy.

"Is that all? May I ask which way
you are going?"

"We are going to Niagara—Aunt

Hitty and I. She is in the train, with
the tickets—and my purse!"

"Well met, then," said he. "I am
going to Niagara myself in the after-
noon train, and shall be happy to be
your escort, if you will allow me." In
the meantime, here is a coach waiting
for us. We will take breakfast at
Delmonico's and have time to look in-
to a picture gallery and drive in the
Park before dinner, if you don't ob-
ject."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Travis! What
a godsend you are!" cried Amy, ef-
fusively. "What would have become
of me if you hadn't happened by?"

"I'm glad my lines have fallen in
such pleasant places," he said. "I
hope you haven't forgotten the fort-
night we spent at Miss Cabot's togeth-
er a year ago?"

What a breakfast they had at Del-
monico's, to be sure! how debonair
and companionable Dorset Travis was!
—old Martin Travis's grandson, too!
Before they had "done up" the picture
gallery Amy felt as if she had known
him from the beginning—easy in con-
fessing her ignorance, sure of his sym-
pathetic indulgence—and by the time
they had taken a turn in the park she
had decided it was not such a bad
thing to lose one's train, after all; that
this was a much pleasanter route to
Niagara than the regular one; if there
was no royal road to learning, there
was one to Niagara.

"I wonder what Aunt Hitty thinks
has become of me?" said Amy, when
they were already upon their way.

"She must be distracted."

"Oh no; I telegraphed her at the
next station before we left the depot
this morning."

"Oh, how splendid!"—Martin Tra-
vis's grandson, too. "What did you
say, Mr. Travis?"

"Why, to tell the truth, I commit-
ted a sort of forgery by telegraph. I
told her 'that an old friend had taken
charge of you, and you would leave
for Niagara in the 3:20 train, P.M., and
signed your name.'"

"An old friend!" repeated Amy, re-
flectingly.

"Do you object to the term?"

"Object! I do not, it," laughed
Amy.

"You're my friend;
what a thing friendship is, world without end!"

He quoted. Was over a journey down
the Rhine or up the Nile more en-
chanting than this trip along the Hud-
son? Were not the Palisades as grand
and fantastic in their way as
Phila and its temples? Did not the
Highlands wrap themselves in an at-
mosphere as mystic as that of the
Bernese Oberland? Could a night
in June upon the Danube River sur-
pass this afternoon in a palace car?

To Amy's dismay, on arriving at
Niagara she found Aunt Hitty at the
hotel, sitting up in bed, bolstered up
by pillows, gasping and wheezing with
an attack of asthma.

"A whole ticket as good as thrown
away," she groaned. "I shall be ruin-
ed if we don't begin to economize
somewhere."

"I'm afraid this trip is a bad begin-
ning," said Amy.

"And who was the friend you met
in New York, eh?"

"Only Dorset Travis."

"Dorset Travis! old Martin's grand-
son! Who next? I do hope, Amy,
that you held yourself a little distant—
that you didn't condescend too much."

"Oh, I had such a splendid time,
aunt!"

"A splendid time, with a Travis for
company! You are degenerating,
Amy. What would your great grand-
father have thought of you?"

"I'm sure I don't know; but we din-
ed at Delmonico's, we drove in the
park, we looked at pictures."

"With the grandson of Martin Tra-
vis—and I lying here trying to catch
my breath!"

"You must have a doctor, Aunt Hit-
ty."

"Indeed no; doctors cost a fortune
in such a place as this; they're not
like Dr. Grub, at home, with his seven-
ty-five cents a visit. You must re-
member that this is an expensive trip,
and we must save where we can."
But the following day Aunt Hitty
found that her usual remedies failed
of alleviating; that, in fact, she was
only growing worse and worse. "If
there were only some young doctor
just settled, glad of a patient at any
price," she gasped. "Ring the bell,
Amy."

"Do you know of any young doc-
tor," she asked of the chamber-maid,
"any one who is reasonable in his
charges, who hasn't gotten into much
practice?"

"That I do," replied the girl; "there's
one in the house this blessed minute.
Shall I be sending him up to you?"

"You're sure he doesn't charge high?"

"Charge, is it? It's himself who
carried a whole family through with
the measles without charging a cent.
Oh he's the man for your money,
marm."

"Well, you may ask him to step up;
one visit won't kill me, at any rate."

"Not unless he's the kill or cure
kind," said Amy.

He had gone out to a patient, how-

ever, when the maid went to seek him;
and it so happened that Amy was out
at the druggist's when he made his
first visit, and had met Dorset Travis
on her way home.

"The doctor's been here," said Aunt
Hitty; "and such a pleasant-spoken
gentleman as he is! Handsome, too;
he reminds me of some one—I can't
tell whom. He says he took up the
profession for love, not for money,
which argues well. Shows he didn't
spring from common stock. You can
see, indeed, at a glance that he's a
born aristocrat."

"Isn't your eyesight improving,
aunt?" laughed Amy.

"I was never so near sighted that I
couldn't tell a man of gentle blood
and long descent from a plebeian. He
has only had his degree within the
last six months, though he has prac-
ticed in the hospitals, you know."

But in spite of her doctor's virtues,
Miss Hitty grew worse rather than
better. Amy might as well have been
a nurse in a hospital ward, only she
was never off duty. All day she was
shut in with the invalid, all night she
was up and down, arranging pillows,
measuring doses; she had forgotten the
neighborhood of the Falls, so to
speak, or the object of her journey;
the doctor came twice a day, since the
attack was stubborn; she herself was
growing pale and hollow-eyed, and
one day she dropped at the bedside
in the act of administering a dose.

"This will never do," said the doc-
tor. "You must have a nurse Miss
Vane."

"A nurse!" cried Aunt Hitty.

"What next? I never had such an
article in my life. I don't own Gol-
conda, and I haven't a claim in El
Dorado. A nurse, indeed! I tell
you what, Amy," she added as soon
as they were alone again, "I must
pick up enough to jog home by the
week's end; I've just money enough left
to pay my bills and buy our tickets."

"And we haven't seen the Falls
yet!"

"I wish the Falls had been in the
Red Sea! If they hadn't existed, it
would have been money in my purse
and health in my bones."

"Miss Amy must see all the lions
first," said the doctor, next day when
Aunt Hitty had announced her in-
tention of leaving Niagara.

"My carriage is at the door; I shall
esteem it a privilege if I may intro-
duce her to them."

"I'm sure you're as good as gold,
doctor."

But when Amy returned, there was
a rosy glow in her face, and an ecstasy
in her glance.

"I hope," she said, between a smile
and a tear—"I hope, Aunt Hitty, that
you won't be displeased, though his
ancestors didn't come over in the May-
flower—but—something happened at
the Falls, Aunt Hitty."

"Goodness! you didn't lose any
thing?"

"Yes, I did. I lost my heart, Aunt
Hitty. I hope you've grown to like
him well enough not to mind his want
of a family tree, because I've prom-
ised to marry him, Aunt Hitty."

"Whom? the doctor? Well, if I ever
! If it hadn't been for my asthma,
now—well, you may thank me for a
good husband. How do you know about
his ancestors? By the way, child, I
don't think I ever asked his name. I'm
sure I don't know it any more than
if he were the pre-Adamite man, if
there ever was such a being. When
you're choking and panting with the
asthma, a rose would smell as sweet
as any other name. I hope it's a
pleasant sounding one, at any rate."

"Yes, it is very pleasant—it is Dor-
set Travis. Oh, aunty, I couldn't
help it; but you know you said he was

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, OCT. 17, 1878.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS: One copy, one year, \$1.50. Clubs of ten, 12.50. These prices are in advance. Remit by post office money order, or by registered letter. Cash terms, cash in advance.

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Rates of advertising made known upon application.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE PAPER.

Several persons have lately written to us for large quantities of back numbers of the JOURNAL. The numbers desired we have not on hand, excepting one copy, which we keep on file. The best advice which we can give to those friends, as well as others, is to subscribe for the paper, and get their friends to do the same. Nearly every deaf-mute reader can in some way manage to save enough money to pay in advance for the JOURNAL, which is only \$1.50 a year, postage paid.

EDITORIAL JOTTINGS.

We recently published a communication from one of the originators of a secret society among the pupils of the Wisconsin Institution. This was during the incumbency of Mr. DeMotte's immediate predecessor, and the prime object of the society seems to have been to ferret out incidents of government, which, in the opinion of the society, did not conduce to the harmony of the school. Young America has become notorious for sundry capers, but we had supposed them strictly confined to those who were blessed with all their senses. A celebrated instructor and principal used to say that because a child was deaf and dumb was all the more reason why he should be extra good, on the principle that deafness draws more attention to a person, and the shortcomings of the individual, therefore, all the more liable to be commented upon. Hazing or a secret society with questionable motives might be a matter of course with the average collection of school-boys; but, coming down, or going up, to deaf-mutes, such things are entirely out of the way.

Societies among the deaf are and have been mostly conducive of much good; but let them be formed and controlled by those who no longer spend the best part of their time in the school-room. Let the school-boy mind his books, and not aspire to a finger in the pie of institutional government. If there must be a society, for societies' sake, let the initiation oath be a terrible declaration, in red ink, to now and forever mind his own business, i. e., his studies and his tools.

The October *Annals* is out, and is decidedly interesting, especially the paper of S. A. Echoes, Esq., trustee of the Georgia Institution. His account of how he sat at the feet of his eight associates on the board till he became disgusted with their collective wisdom, and prepared a minority report to send to the legislature, which worked out the salvation of the institution, is all decidedly interesting reading. Mr. Echoes is a living example of the value of one live, interested man as against that of a "large majority" of moving supineness. Clearly, in the case of Georgia at least, there was no knowing what the legislature would do for its deaf till it had been asked. Not asked by proxy, that is the writing of a few official letters, but a protracted, zealous, explanatory personal effort. Mr. Echoes took occasion to remark that a good and competent superintendent was a jewel to be kept, but, as for an incompetent head, he should be dropped like a hot potato. The superintendency is no place to temporize.

This paper brought out a very interesting discussion, and several trustees took part. On one subject all were agreed—that the laborer is worthy of his hire, and that the teachers should have enough to live on decently and in order. The trustees of the Maryland Institution, such as were present, were especially emphatic in this respect. One of them said it was partly the fault of the instructors; they should demand the proper respect, esteem and compensation. The two trustees that made the halls ring with sturdy common sense, it may not be out of place to know, were each

a father of a deaf-mute daughter. These quickening sympathies make them valuable men for their positions.

Mr. W. R. Barry, of Baltimore, has for several years past gratuitously filled an important office, that of city agent of the deaf and dumb. His duties are to keep track of and gain information concerning the deaf of Baltimore, and place them in school. Of the value of the office we have abundant proof in the fact that one lady pupil in the Maryland Institution came from Baltimore. An equal effort in other parts of the State would, undoubtedly, soon fill the institution. There ought to be a deaf-mute agency, properly organized, in every State. It would bring untold numbers to light, and diffuse the blessing of education very happily and fully. New York has six institutions, and is now, by them, educating considerably over a thousand deaf. The proportion under instruction is to the population one in about every 4,000. Apply this ratio to other States and we think there will be found room for a general hunt. Even in New York old campaigners believe that there are enough mutes still hidden to support a seventh flourishing institution, and this may be a reality ere long.

WHERE IS THE MONEY?

On Saturday evening, October 5th, wishing to use some money, we took a paper box from our secretary, supposing the box contained from \$160 to \$170, which we last saw there three weeks previous to that time. On opening the box not a dollar of the money was to be found.

A deaf-mute "Silver Polish" peddler, of Belleville, Can., came over to the town of Hannibal, in this county, last summer, bringing his wife and three children with him to visit his wife's parents and other friends who live in Hannibal, the peddler in the meantime doing some peddling in various parts of the county. He, being uneducated (as is also his wife) and only conversing by signs, usually took a boy with him for interpreter between himself and hearing people with whom he desired to converse.

During the first part of September, accompanied by a boy of about 16 or 17 years, a brother of Mrs. Kelly, he appeared in our village and paid us a visit, some of the time selling during the day and returning to spend the night at our house. We were then away from home. They were around here three or four days, when, learning that we were to have our county fair during the next week, they returned to Hannibal; the peddler, whose name by the way is David Kelly, saying he would go back, stock up (he makes the "Silver Polish" himself), and would come back to the fair, where he thought he could do well selling the article.

On the following Tuesday he came back, bringing his wife, and a boy, one of his own children, 12 or 14 years of age. They attended the fair during the last two days, staying with us nights and taking their meals at our house. After the fair was over they also stayed with us till the following Monday, Kelly and his boy doing some peddling in and out of the village, when Mrs. Kelly returned to Hannibal. Kelly and his boy continued peddling in this town and in the town of Richland, adjoining this, from that time till the next week, occasionally coming back to spend the night at our house. They then left on Thursday, September 26th, and, as before stated, on the 5th inst, we missed the aforesaid sum of money.

He, being a stranger to us, suspicion fell on Kelly, and on Tuesday, October 8th, we obtained a search warrant and also a warrant for Kelly's arrest. Police Constable Wellington Barker, of this place, went to Hannibal, and learned that Kelly and his family had that day started for their home in Belleville, Can. He proceeded to Oswego, where he found the family, about to leave on their journey homeward by steamer. Kelly was arrested and brought here the next day. His boy also came. Kelly was arraigned before Justice Cole and pleaded innocent to the charge of stealing. The examination was postponed till the following Friday, in order to procure witnesses. Mr. W. S. Works, a deaf-mute, and his little daughter Lottie, of Hannibal, and Mr. L. N. Jones, also a deaf-mute, of Sand Hill, four miles from here, were summoned as witnesses. Before the hour arrived for the examination, Justice Cole and our counsel, C. C. Brown, of this village, talked privately with the boy to see if he could elicit anything from him which would be of value as evidence against his father; but from him they learned nothing of importance. There being no evidence tending to criminate Kelly, when the court convened for the examination we withdrew the complaint and the justice discharged the prisoner. Notwithstanding his denial of guilt, we cannot help having some suspicion of Kelly. Mrs. Works, we are told, says that Kelly told her that he had a good pile of money in his possession. If the peddler did not commit the theft the subject remains clouded with mystery.

One thing is morally certain: the money is gone, and it is quite a serious loss to us, as we need it in our business.

Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy affords great protection to females from attacks incident to change of life, of seasons and climate.

REV. DR. GALLAUDET'S APPOINTMENTS.

Sunday, Oct. 20.—St. Luke's Church, Rochester, afternoon and evening.
Monday, " 21.—St. Peter's, Auburn, evening.
Tuesday, " 22.—Trinity, Geneva, evening.
Wednesday, " 23.—Port Byron, wedding in the afternoon.
Thursday, " 24.—Grace Church, Mexico, evening.
Friday, " 25.—Zion Church, Rome, evening.
Saturday, " 26.—Troy, Lecture to the Club in the evening.
Sunday, " 27.—St. Paul's, Albany, 2:30 P. M.

WANTED.

By a Canadian Institution for Deaf-mutes, a Protestant, male, Assistant Teacher. One who can teach articulation preferred. Unexceptional references or testimonials as to character and capacity required. Applicants are requested to state what salary they expect, and to address their communications to F. M., Box 1,218, P. O., Montreal, Canada.

A HAPPY WEDDING.

[From the *Saratogian*, Oct. 10, 1878.]
The great event of the season was the wedding of Mr. George W. Beers to Miss Anna M. Smith. The marriage ceremony occurred at the residence of the bride's parents in Jonesville, N. Y., Mr. and Mrs. Moses Smith, deaf-mutes, on Wednesday the 2nd of October, at 11 A. M. The knot was tied by the Rev. D. T. Elliott, of this place. They received quite a number of nice presents, but our time and space forbids mentioning them. Only the young people of Jonesville and vicinity with one or two exceptions were invited to attend, (which we think is proper on such occasions.) The affair passed off in splendid style and all say they had a nice time and gave the bride and groom their best wishes. Immediately after the knot was tied the bride and groom led the way to the dining-room where the tables were spread under the efficient management of Mrs. Campbell with the best of everything the land could produce, such as hot biscuits, meats, cakes, preserves, cheese, fruits and confectionery, tea and coffee. After over fifty had done more than justice to all these delicacies many packages of cake were sent to families around the village and vicinity. Cigars were also passed and most of the gentlemen enjoyed a chat and a smoke on the piazza. At about 2 o'clock the bride and groom started with their team amid a shower of boots and shoes (which all old maids join in saying is a sign of good luck.) They will make a trip with the team around the northern country and then will return to the bridegroom's farm on the east side of Ballston Lake.

A Table.

For those who use the Book of Common Prayer.

OCT. 20th, 1878.

MORNING SERVICE.

The Psalter for the 20th day of the month, or Selection.

1st Lesson—2d Samuel xii.

2d Lesson—Luke xv.

English Lesson.

1st Lesson—Jeremiah xxxvi.

2d Lesson—1st Thess. v.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the eighteenth Sunday after Trinity.

EVENING SERVICE.

The Psalter for the 20th day of the month, or Selection.

1st Lesson—2d Samuel xiv.

2d Lesson—1st Peter v.

English Lesson.

1st Lesson—Ezekiel ii and xii, 1-17.

2d Lesson—Luke xiv, v. 25, to xv, 1-11.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the eighteenth Sunday after Trinity.

EDITORIAL BRIEVITIES.

The United States, it is said, is the only country whose exports exceed its imports, except India, which has a small trade balance in its favor—showing the vast and diversified resources of our republic.

While Mary Kane, of Brownville, N. Y., was returning from the cemetery, where she had been to visit the grave of her sister, she was struck by a locomotive and killed.

Arthur Cheney is unwilling to put any more money in the Boston Globe Theatre, having, as he says, lost two hundred and forty-four thousand dollars in it.

John Edwards, a ten-year-old, was arrested in New York, a few days ago, for forging the name of a man to an order on a hardware merchant for sixteen axes and eight ice-picks.

Since the failure of the Glasgow bank, which not only lost all its capital but four million pounds besides, a general feeling of uneasiness prevails in Scotland, and the tone of commerce there is very unsatisfactory.

MARRIED.

RANSFACIL—RAMMEL—At the residence of the bride's parents, Flushing, Mich., October 9th, 1878, by the Rev. A. W. Mann, Mr. William A. Ransfacil and Miss Mary A. Rammel, both graduates of the Michigan Institution. No cards.

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: *The Itemizer*.

JACOB Hamerly, of Rock Island, Ill., is in the employment of the United States Arsenal, and has such a wife as he deserves.

CHESTER Codman, who graduated from the Illinois Institution last June, is a student of the National Deaf-Mute College.

Mr. Graham, colored, a deaf-mute, who was educated at Hartford, Conn., is employed in a livery stable at Newark, N. J.

Mr. Henry C. Hammond, an instructor at the Indiana Institution, lately resigned, he having been appointed Principal of the Arkansas Institution.

RANDOLPH Douglas is now living in Washington, D. C., where he moved his photograph business from Newark, N. J., October 1st. He has been doing very well.

Miss Mary Pock, who delivered the valedictory address at the Illinois Institution last June, has been sadly afflicted, her mother having recently died at Chicago.

Mr. Mathias Menno's name should have been put on the committee list on arrangements of the mute picnic at Euclid, near Cleveland O. It was omitted in the JOURNAL.

Mr. Edwin Frost has been in Newark, N. J., visiting his deaf-mute friends before leaving for Woodbridge, N. J., where he works on a farm for his uncle. He expects to return to Harlem this fall.

Mr. Joseph Mitchell, a well educated deaf-mute of Salem, Ind., died recently. He was a graduate of the Indiana Institution, and was once secretary of the Sunday-school of the church to which he belonged.

Miss Sarah H. Elting, residing in Kingston, N. Y., who has been visiting her friends in Newark for about two weeks, has returned to her home. She enjoyed her visiting very much. She is a graduate of the New York Institution.

Miss Cyrena Montfort expects to return to Newark, N. J., from Massachusetts, where she has been visiting her daughter this month. She lives with her brother in Newark. She removed from California last year. Her husband died five years ago, of consumption.

A deaf-mute named Zeodoe Elliot, was killed at Bay City, Mich., on the afternoon of October 3d. He was standing on a wagon-tongue unloading lumber and slipped off. The horses started and the wheels passed over his neck, breaking it, and causing instant death. He leaves a mute wife.

M. O. Roberts, Anson Spear and W. H. Cowles, who left the Minnesota Institution last June, are all profitably employed in the tailoring business, the first in St. Paul and the last two in Minneapolis. T. N. Ellis is also said to be doing well at the shoe-making trade, at Chatfield.

Mr. John Karr, who was born and educated in Germany, came to this country about thirteen years ago, and now lives at Grifton Station, Louisiana county, O. His wife's maiden name was Miss Garrett, who was educated at the New York Institution. They are in good circumstances.

Miss J. K. S. Hoggland, Miss Lee, formerly of Louisville, Ky., a graduate of the Indiana Institution, is at present located at Covington, Ky. She has two little, very interesting children, and is doing very well. Her numerous friends and classmates will, no doubt, be pleased to hear of it.

Mr. John D. H. Stewart and wife were in Cleveland, O., a month ago, visiting James N. Gilmore and wife, Christian Meyer and wife, and their other friends. Mr. S. has been a very competent instructor at the Ohio Institution for over twelve years. His health is much better than it was last year.

On the 28th ult, Mr. "Bob" King, a very intelligent deaf-mute, who left the National Deaf-Mute College last summer on account of sickness, returned to his old home in Cincinnati, O., after an absence of five years. Many of his old friends could hardly recognize him, he having changed very much.

Mrs. Catharine Skinner has been visiting her parents and relatives at Galesburg, Ill., whom she had not seen for some years. Her maiden name was Miss Calkins, a graduate of the Ohio Institution. Her husband was educated at the American Asylum. Their residence is Johnston, Trumbull county, O.

We are informed that certain young men insulted and abused Mr. Nathan P. Morse, the deaf-mute, while engaged in selling newspapers on the street. This is cowardly in the extreme, and we hope if it is repeated that the parties indulging in it may be made to suffer for it.—*Cape Ann (Mass.) Advertiser*.

SUPERINTENDENT NOYES, of the Minnesota Institution, during the last vacation made several trips to different parts of the State looking up uneducated deaf and dumb, and blind. In several cases two, and in one instance three, deaf-mutes were found in a family. Some of these are now in school and others are expected soon.

GEORGE A. Simpson, of Hartford, Conn., has stopped in Newark, N. J., to canvass for Bibles, before he went to Philadelphia, last month, and made a call on Miss Crane, who was a schoolmate of his at the American Asylum. He will probably be back at Newark next winter, and entertain the deaf-mutes by playing tricks, as he is a good magician.

THE Deaf-Mute Mirror, of Flint, Mich., says: "Hugh M. Harbert, a deaf-mute, has the reputation of being one of the fastest compositors in Colorado springs. He holds cards on the *Daily Gazette*. If the Flint mutes want to try any fast type-setting, we have a mute in our office who is some on it.—*Toronto, Can., National*, Oct. 10, 1878."

Mr. Charles F. Tuttle has been teaching a small class of deaf-mute children in New Orleans, La., since last May until the yellow fever broke out, when the school had to be closed. It is, however, hoped that as soon as the frost kills the fever the school will be re-opened. Several of the pupils have been down with the fever, but only two thus far have died.

PROF. JOB Turner gives the following dog story: Mr. Barnes, of New Jersey, well known as a deaf-mute poet, had an intelligent dog which he used as a mail carrier. His dog went to the post-office to get mails for his silent master, and brought them home in his mouth with great regularity. One night his cetera being left open the dog fell in and was drowned. The next morning Mr. B. missed him and looked for him until he was surprised and distressed to find him drowned.

Miss Theresa Brown and Mrs. Alice Hanson were last week guests of James N. and Lavina Gilmore in Cleveland, O. The former's husband was an instructor at the Ohio, Indiana, and Louisiana Institutions for some years; and the latter's husband a teacher at the Louisiana Institution. Both are deaf. Mr. Hanson, while at Baton Rouge, La., was sick with the yellow fever for one week and died, some years ago. Those ladies are sisters, and Mr. Finlay Park, a teacher at the Ohio Institution, is their brother.

The Star still goes for the Gazette.

A posted paper—the JOURNAL—Kansas Star.

NINETY pupils are in attendance at the Minnesota Institution.

One of the Minnesota Institution boys has a velocipede, and is quite a big card.

DURING fair week the number of visitors at the Michigan Institution averaged 100 a day.

SOFT maple is the wood that is used in the floors of the Minnesota Institution new building.

WILLIAM Bailey, of Beverly, Mass., is spending about three weeks in New York city, visiting friends.

JOSIEVA R. Pimm, of Wolcott, N. Y., has been very sick for three weeks, but is just now convalescent.

MR. Thomas G. Nelson has been appointed supervisor of the boys of the Central New York Institution.

THEY have sold all the stock of manufactured goods in the Minnesota Institution, and solicit new orders.

EDWIN Braeber, a deaf-mute, of Rock Island, Ill., is the owner of a farm, and has a wife and two children.

MISS Matilda Johnson, of Moline, Ill., educated at Stockholm, Sweden, enjoys good patronage as a dress-maker.

A former pupil of the Minnesota Institution is now foreman in the office of the *Northwestern Chronicle*, at St. Paul.

FRANK D. Morgan, George Kimball, Lyman O. Gillett, and Clara B. Mather have left the Central New York Institution.

BEARS have been howling around the woods near the Michigan Institution, and also the Central New York Institution.

FRANK B. Roberts, of Boston, Mass., who has been summering at New Castle, N. H., fishing, bathing, etc., is now at home again.

CHARLES Melick, a deaf-mute, of Moline, Ill., is employed in the plow works of that place, and is yet in the blessedness of single life.

EDWARD SIKKIS, of the Minnesota Institution, was seriously injured by falling from a tree while gathering wild grapes, but is now recovering.

MISS Mary Offorice, of Geneseo, Ill., who graduated from the Illinois Institution last June, has two deaf-mute brothers, now at the same school.

MOST pupils wait till they leave school and then marry; but a Michigan Institution pupil leaves his wife at home while he finishes his schooling.

THE carpenters have been busy all summer on the interior of the new building of the Minnesota Institution, but considerable more work remains to be done.

THE Ontario (Canada) Institution has a pupil with the following statistics: age 13 years, weight 300 pounds, height 6 feet, number of toes twelve, of fingers ditto!

CHARLES J. Rosendahl, a graduate of the Illinois Institution, after a pupillage of seven years, is residing in Moline, Ill., and pursuing the trade of a shoemaker.

THOMAS Moore has been appointed by the Governor a member of the board of visitors of the Virginia Institution, in place of one of the members who has resigned.

THERE are ten compositors in the *Star* office, most of them raw hands, a fact we didn't suspect till told. The "devil" has been promoted, and has a case to himself.

MISS E. C. Benedict, of Victory, N. Y., who has been spending the summer with her parents on Long Island for the benefit of her health, has returned home much improved.

THE *Index* has a friend that sends fifteen new subscribers at a time. Others of the little papers have friends quite as energetic. The *Journalist* would like to report some too.

THE *Index* needs posting. New York has not three institutions for the deaf; she has six. And Mrs. H. Howard is supervisor of the Western New York Institution, not of the Central New York.

MR. Wm. Works and daughter, of Hannibal, made us a visit last week. We are indebted to Mr. Works for a present of some fine vegetables, among which was a pumpkin weighing fifty-five pounds.

EMMA Lillian Hicks, aged 11 years, a pupil of the Virginia Institution, died October 3d, of diphtheria. She entered school at the beginning of the present session, and contracted the disease September 25th.

ABOUT twenty more pupils are expected at the Minnesota Institution, which will make the whole number over one hundred. Six new pupils have been received into the blind department, and others are expected.

THE candidates are beginning to call on our brother editors at the different Institutions, and it is remarkable the amount of fairness with which each is noticed by the other of whatever political complexion.

THE *Companion*, which has just come to time, publishes a table of the duration of the life of penitents. It allows 14 years to the turkey and 10 years to the hen. We know now why our poultry gets so tough.

THE convention was photographed on Monday morning. Three negatives were taken, but, in spite of Superintendent Fay's earnest entreaties, just at the critical moment—*Companion*.

MR. E. Booth, of Iowa, through his paper, the *Examiner*, writes nicely of the contemptible cutting down of appropriations by the legislature for the Iowa Institution, thus disabling it. But he says they must grin and bear it "till Iowa has a legislature intelligent enough to know that it doesn't know anything about educating deaf-mutes."

MISS Annie Morse, of the Illinois Institution, is among the number of women who "can hoe their own row" through the world without any assistance from the "stronger sex," so called. She, in company with her sister, has built a fine residence in Jacksonville, finished it all off, and both are now keeping house in the same, and by adopting the rule of hanging a man's hat on the hall rack, than as if they had a horrid, blundering man in the house.—*Mirror*.

WE regret to hear that Prof. J. B. McGann, of the Ontario Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, is about to resign his position on account of ill health. As most of our readers are aware, he is the pioneer of deaf-mute education in the Province, having been also the first to instruct the blind. His services in aid of suffering humanity are about to be rewarded by the Ontario Government. The fruit of his twenty years' labor may be seen in the noble institutions in Belleville and Brantford, Ontario. The Canadian Parliament has retired Mr. McGann on full pay until the 1st of January next, when his life pension will be fixed.—*Mirror*.

(MR. McGann has doubtless earned his pension. We are glad we have got hold of a precedent.—*Id.*)

WE want to hear the question discussed through the Institution papers, by editors and instructors.—Why are not the best text books, compiled by the most able, experienced and skilled teachers for the use of hearing and speaking children, and issued by publishers of the highest character, some of whom have made the schoolbook trade a specialty for more than half a century, the best class of books for the deaf and dumb?

—*Kansas Star*.

[You are beginning to see daylight, Mr. Star. The books you mention are the best for the deaf, provided always they are in the hands of a skilled instructor. THE JOURNAL discussed this question long ago, or rather, as there was nobody to discuss with, it gave its reasons, and believes so still. Those who insist that the deaf should be taught and led to forget that they are deaf should not so stoutly insist on special text books for them. It is not compatible for one thing; it does not look well for another.—*Id.*]

NOTES FROM PROF. JOB TURNER.

PORTLAND, Me., Oct. 7, 1878.

MY DEAR MR. RIDER.—I am thankful that my appointment was happily fulfilled in St. Luke's Cathedral yesterday afternoon, in the presence of a larger number of deaf-mutes than usual, some of whom had come from a distance. Bishop Neely kindly assisted me in reading the shortened Episcopal service and my sermon to his congregation, while I signed it to mine. He is much interested in the spiritual welfare of deaf-mute persons. My service being done, the Bishop made a short address. I believe about my mission work. I missed my dear old friends Mr. Hiram P. Hunt, of Gray, and Mr. Alden, of Camden, from the service. The former sent me word that he could not come on account of his wife's poor health.

Last Saturday evening I went to the Eastern Cemetery, the oldest in Portland, which contains the ashes of Preble, Rev. Thomas Smith, the first Presbyterian minister, Walworth, one of the heroes of Tripoli, and a good number of distinguished dead.

The first settlement was made in what is now Portland by George Cleaves and Robert Tucker, in 1630. Portland is probably as rich in historical associations as any locality in the United States. Ship building was a principal branch of business. In 1752 there were seven schooners and fifteen sloops, none the shipping exceeds over 100,000 tons. Four important railroads center at Portland, and contribute greatly to its prosperity. A gentleman will soon take me a drive. I go away this evening.

Yours sincerely,

JOB TURNER.

A LETTER FROM BYRON A. BROWN.

NEALY'S CORNER, Me., Oct. 8, 1878.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—There lives a deaf-mute man named Josiah Booker, in Hampden. His age is supposed to be 38 years. He never went to school, but he can write his name and a few words. His father did not wish the son to go to school, many years ago, for fear that he would be bothered and tortured all the time, or lest he would have to pay much money for the son's education and support, as he was poor. Then their many friends contributed two hundred dollars to the father to buy clothes, boots, etc., for the boy, to pay the fare for him, and to give him the rest of the money so that he could go to Hartford, Conn., and get educated. After the contribution was given to him, he spent all the two hundred dollars in going to a spree, after the friends had left him. The friends did not know it till some months after, when they found that he had not sent the silent boy away to school. Then they reproved him. They could not have him arrested for such conduct, as he was too sharp for them. It is a great misfortune for the mute never to learn how to improve his mind by going to school. He is a smart and stout seaman, under his brother, Captain Booker. Captain Booker shows his great kindness to him by giving him clothes, boots, etc., to wear, and food to live on when he is out of employment. Josiah is a graceful and easy dancer. If he had gone to school he might have been a good reader and a good writer. His eyes are dark and bright. He is a kind and cheerful man. One time when he was visiting his friends in Young's Corners, where I was building a house, I understood some of his sign-language. I pitied him from the depths of my soul. I felt as if I were weeping for him never to get educated. He was too old to go to school. His father was killed quite a number of years ago, by rum.

Another deaf-mute man, named Elbridge Walker, lives in Exeter, Me., where I paid a long visit to my many relatives and friends, twelve years ago, when he came to the store of my old friend Mr. Butters, who had been in the State of Minnesota many years. Mr. B. said to me, "This man is deaf and dumb, and cannot read or write, only his name," and asked me to make him write the name. I presented my slate and pencil to him to write on. He looked from

Correspondence.

[Although our columns are open for the publication of the opinions of all, we do not identify our selves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

NEW YORK INSTITUTION NOTES.

WASHINGTON HEIGHTS, Oct. 5, 1878.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—We are now in that interesting season of the year when the young mind turns with rapture to the prospect of unlimited quantities of fruit, and sadly contemplates the stubborn fact that school is again open. So the giddy September is as bitter as July is sweet, for its advent marks the opening of the numberless institutions of learning throughout the land. Blue skies and leafy woods, laughing brooks and lakes nestled in pensive beauty; the romps in the green fields; the long saunters in the valleys, and steep ascents of the mountain tops, must all be bidden a fond farewell in response to duty's imperative call. To judge from the manner in which the returned wanderers speak their adieus have been made with rather bad grace. In fact our superintendent found it necessary to send out an extra call to the pupils before all made their appearance. At the present writing there are 304 males and 185 females, making a total of 489. If we add to this the stragglers yet to be heard from, our number altogether this term will be 500 or thereabouts.

It was noticed in your issue of October 3d that Mr. Jonathan H. Eddy had left in response to a call from the Central Institution, at Rome, N. Y. Principal Nelson evidently comprehends what constitutes a good teacher, for in selecting Mr. Eddy he has chosen a man who cannot fail to give satisfaction. Mr. Eddy was a general favorite among us and, though we regret his departure, we are happy in the knowledge that dear old Fanwood has sent forth another son to prove the benefits accruing from the sound, practical education which she has furnished. Thus prepared, Mr. Eddy cannot fail to succeed in his new field of labor, and we look forward to the time when we may class him among such excellent teachers as Miss Montgomery and Messrs. Jewell, Selwyn, Lloyd, Johnson, Reaves, and the host of others who have figured so conspicuously in the deaf-mute world as successful teachers of the deaf and dumb.

Within the past few weeks aquatic, athletic and the numerous other classes of sports have been more actively participated in than usual. On Saturday, September 28th, the Resolute Boat Club, of this vicinity, held their annual regatta on the Hudson River, to which many of us received complimentary invitations. The occasion was very enjoyable and we, of course, spent a very pleasant afternoon steaming up and down the course, now excited, now pleased, and occasionally made glad when a favorite was beaten. In fact all our favorites were beaten; still we had a pleasant time, for we could see the smiling faces of Drs. Peet and Porter, our principal and superintendent, among the crowd on board, and to see them thus renewing their youth was infatuation sufficient to make the most disheartened pleased. Among those who competed in the various games were Messrs. Clark, Crittenden, T. Peet and W. Peet, all of whom are connected with this institution. Messrs. Clark, Crittenden, and Peet failed to win the races in which they took part, and this was a surprise to us, as they are all known to be crack oarsmen, especially in the case of Walter, son of Dr. Peet. He has a very good record as a junior sculler, but upon this occasion he failed to sustain his good name. We learn that he sold the race to Charlie Knapp for a pointer pup. If this proves to be the case it was very wicked of him, because the most of us had staked our spare nickels upon him, and the feverish anxiety which we suffered while witnessing the race is something beyond our power of description. Well he lost many of his most powerful backers, and in future he will have little opportunity for retrieving his lost ground unless he repent and give more attention to duty than to pointers or any other species of pups. If he had only told us he was in need of pups we would willingly have turned "dog catchers" to satisfy his whim.

The great race between Courtney and Hanlan has also occupied the attention of our boys, and has led to many wrangles among them, so that we are very lucky in having got through it without black eyes and broken noses. We noticed many laughable reasons which these partisans advanced as to why their favorite should win. Not the least interesting of these was the remark made by a little fellow who rather demurely asked another little toddler, "Do you think an Irishman can defeat an American? You must be a dunce if you do. Nobody can beat Americans." The manner in which the little fellow pantomimed this rejoinder, added to his expression of countenance, nearly killed us with laughter. However we lived through, and had an opportunity of observing the opinions of the admirers of Hughes and O'Leary, in regard to the walking ability of these contestants. Some of them became so interested in their discussions that they absented themselves from school altogether, and hid off to the woods to have out their discussions. A few days ago when one of the supervisors brought in a batch of those truants Dr. Peet gave them "my idea" of the subject, and made better time with the cow-hide over their backs than either Hughes or O'Leary ever did on a track. Indeed the manner in which the Doctor went at his work put to shame Walter's arm swinging at the regatta.

The coming marriage of Miss Ella J. Brantley, a graduate of the High Class of this institution, to R. B. Lloyd, a teacher at this institution, and well known to your hosts of readers, on the 23d of this month, has occasioned considerable flutter among our female pupils. The wedding is to come off at the residence of the bride's parents at Trenton, N. J., and promises to be quite a brilliant affair. We all heartily congratulate them both and hope their lives will be full of sunshine.

The number of female pupils is nearly as large as last year. New pupils, nearly all of whom are under the age of ten, drop in quite frequently. We have no doubt the number will reach 200 before winter fairly sets in. Quite a number of changes have been effected in the arrangements of the girls' rooms. Affairs seem to be in a more prosperous condition than ever before. This is nearly all owing to the skillful management of the head matron, Miss Prudence Lewis. Her long acquaintance with deaf-mutes enables her to understand what they need more than does any one else. Miss Kate Hamilton having married Mrs. Dillingham, a young widow of high culture, fills her place among the younger girls. She is such a kind-hearted young lady that she has already won the hearts of the little ones, who have learned to look upon her as a mother. The many friends of Miss Molly Pickens will be glad to learn that she will soon be among them again. She has been spending her vacation with her relatives in Maryland and Virginia, where she was brought up.

On Saturday evening, October 5th, the annual election of officers of the Fanwood Literary Association was held in the chapel. In order to save time a committee on candidates had been appointed by the executive committee a few days before, and their report being adopted, these candidates composed the regular ticket. On the evening mentioned the following report of the nominating committee was presented to the association:

"The undersigned, a committee appointed by the executive committee of the Fanwood Literary Association to prepare a list of candidates for election to the various offices for the ensuing year, beg leave to submit the following names, viz: Counsellor (ex-officio) Isaac L. Peet, LL. D.; President, Thomas H. Jewell; First Vice-President, Thomas F. Fox, Jr.; Second Vice-President, John Hogan; Secretary, George L. Reynolds; Treasurer, Rowland B. Lloyd; Librarian, E. H. Carrier; Directors, H. D. Reaves, T. H. Jewell, W. G. Jones; Readers, C. Q. Mann, C. S. Doane, W. A. Emmons.

Respectfully submitted,
E. H. CARRIER, } Committee
H. D. REAVES, }
T. H. JEWELL, } Candidates.

New York city, October 5, 1878.

In the meantime, however, a second ticket had been made up, and when the balloting began it looked as if the irregulars were to make a clean sweep. However the tide soon changed, and the regulars won. It is a notable fact that of all the female members present only two voted the irregular ticket, the remainder voting the regular. The votes polled were, regular, 144; irregular, 48; majority for regular, 96.

On the afternoon of the same day several members of the High Class boat club were invited to assist Mr. F. D. Clarke, Coxswain of the Resolute boat club, in rowing an eight-oared barge from the Resolute boat house, at One Hundred and Fifty-second street, North River, to Yonkers. We had a very pleasant time, barring a rather queer feeling on that portion of our anatomy which we usually sit on, and hope for many more such favors. Before closing I wish to acknowledge our conversion to the principles of Dudley Webster George. Such wild conjectures have been afloat regarding the individuality of "Milo" that I fear if they continue some innocent person may be accused of being that notorious character, and, accordingly, I will hereafter use my initials.

T. F. F.

IN MEMORIAM.

LITTLE TOMMY.

"Suffer little children to come unto me, for such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

DIED—In New Orleans, La., September 23, 1878, of the prevailing epidemic, Tommy, aged 9 years, 1 month and 8 days, youngest son (a deaf-mute) of Patrick Kenny. Tommy was one of Mr. Charles E. Tuttle's private pupils, and was a very bright and apt scholar. His remains were interred in St. Patrick's Cemetery.

Oh, Tommy love, we miss you
In this lovely world of ours,
But God has kindly taken you
To sunshine and to flowers.

I stood beside your bed of death,
Bored down was I with sorrow;
I knew you would be lost to me
Upon the coming morrow.

The house is lone without you,
Your friends are mute with sadness
To know their little Pet's no more,
Save in a world of gladness.

To know his merry rippling laugh,
His soft and gentle tread,
His sparkling eyes, his golden hair,
All, all took wings and fled.

Fond father, brothers, sisters dear,
Mourn for your Pet no more;
He is but gone to meet you
On the ever golden shore.

On that shore, a happy angel
Dwelling little Tommy stands,
Waiting there to welcome loved ones
To a peaceful, happy land.

For every trial that God sends he gives sufficient grace to bear it; but he promises no grace to bear anticipation with, and we little know how large a portion of our mental sufferings arise from anticipation of trials.

THE EXPOSITION OF LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

LOUISVILLE, KY., Oct. 4, 1878.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I will write a brief account of our Exposition, as viewed by myself and a friend of mine last week, hoping to interest some of the readers of the JOURNAL who may not have an opportunity of reading what other papers publish in regard to it, and of interest especially to those who once lived here and are now far away, some at school, and others settled down in homes far from here.

The Exposition opened about five weeks ago. During the first part of it there was never so full an attendance as towards the last, and through the whole time there has not been as many from a distance as usual, on account of the yellow fever panic in Dixie. A great many feared it would come here too, but, although so many refugees are here, the doctors claim that all cases of yellow fever have been among them, and not one among the citizens of Louisville. There is said to be about two thousand southern refugees here. The streets look quite lively with people.

The Industrial Exposition is situated almost in the heart of the city, on the corner of Fourth and Chestnut streets. It is now in its full tide. Upon entering the buildings, the first sound which greets the ear is music, from Eichhorn's Orchestra, directly in front, above you. The first sight is the fountain, girt with a waving, nodding hedge of immense-sized tropical plants and ferns, lifting up its pyramids of sparkling waters among the bright green banners. The exquisite whitestuary stand is half hidden amid a bed of flowers and leaves, and besides them is a small corgone fountain. Aside from this shrine of sublimity, you see something more practical. It is the machinery department on the left hand. It presents a great deal of ingenuity, of more interest to men than women. A few white bronze monuments are placed at a little distance from the machinery. Mounted upon one of them stands an angel, towering up majestically over the machinery.

On the right hand stands the furniture, carriages, hearses, etc. Such things ladies little care for, at least I, not being a housekeeper, did not. Leaving the basement you walk up stairs, and there you find the ladies department—which is a work of study and with what one can make a home lovely and beautiful. It contains fancy needle-work, crochet, and darning, embroidery, knitting and lace-work. Beyond is the pottery department, which is very attractive to the beholder. It is the work of the past and of the present time. There is also hair work, paper work, and wax-work, and an infinite variety of all kinds of work executed years gone by, and some of the present. Along the wall, on a large table, are some beautiful paintings on velvet and silk, boxes, cushions, bottle covers, etc. A great variety of bead works, and wax flowers, in profusion, are displayed. The Singer Sewing-Machine department is the most home-like parlor in the upper room, with its artistic decoration, its rich carpets, the beautiful prismatic chandeliers, its sofas, its pianos, etc. The art gallery seems to draw the most attention of all. There are paintings executed by some of the best and most famous artists of America.

When one is tired of walking around or looking at the handiworks of man, he or she can sit down, listen to the music, or look at the promenade below and the crowd in general, and then one is liable to get a glimpse of the beautiful, graceful and stylish women that Kentucky is noted for. Thursdays and Saturdays are considered the best two days. Fashionable people go to "see and to be seen." They also have fresh cut flowers on those days, arranged in beautiful designs, crosses, harps, tombs and houses. The managers seem to take interest in the mutes. They show them willingly all there is of interest to see. When they have a desire to look closely at any particular thing, and don't wish to remind them that they are mutes, they keep their fingers in motion, and the persons in charge of things understand that they are deaf-mutes without their lifting their fingers on their ears, which means deaf, thus avoiding confusion, which usually follows on the part of hearing people.

I missed seeing one or two great curiosities. I have since heard that there is at the Exposition a wonderful clock, called the Engal clock. When it strikes the hour a figure representing Christ comes out of the door, and the twelve Apostles pass in front of Him.

Each bows to Him as he passes, excepting Judas, who is last; and following Judas, at a distance, is the devil. When he gets as far as the door he disappears from view, but only for a few seconds, when he is seen with his head out of a little window in the upper part of the clock, peering down with a shy, wicked look. I also missed seeing a barometer, from which, when there is going to be a change in the weather, an old woman comes, and rolls her eyes up here and there, as though looking at the sky. When the weather clears up an old man comes out and sits in a chair. Every afternoon at two o'clock, and evening at nine o'clock, a skeleton of a man comes out, dances furiously and then disjoins itself mysteriously, limb by limb. Each limb goes off and dances by itself, then comes back and fastens itself on again; last of all the skull comes off, and also dances round and comes back to its place.

A newspaper of last Sunday spoke as follows: "No single attraction,

with the exception of the Presidential visit, has been such a profitable investment to the Exposition managers as the gymnastic tournament, which has drawn audiences averaging six thousand visitors each night for the past three nights. The public seemed entirely engrossed in the admiration of the wonderful feats performed by the members of the club; and the many difficult feats executed by these amateurs far exceed the most sanguine of their friends."

M. E. F.

MRS. ROBERTS MAKES A VISIT.

NEW YORK, Oct. 7, 1878.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Mrs. C. D. Roberts, a graduate of the Hartford High Class of '69, has just returned home after a month's visit with her intimate friend Mrs. C. D. Slate, of Hartford. She attended the picnic at Compoone Pond and says it was just splendid, and a perfect success. She hopes to go to the next one if all is well, next year. She had a very nice time among her old school friends and at the asylum. On Friday, the 3d, she was surprised by a call from Mr. and Mrs. Beers, of Bridgeport. Mrs. B. was once a classmate of hers, and they had a very pleasant talk of old times. In the course of the afternoon Miss Clara Rosch, of Brooklyn, called and all stayed to tea, and after that had more talk until Mr. and Mrs. B. had to go back to their hotel. Yesterday Mrs. R. received a letter from Vicksburg, Miss., from the mother (Mrs. B. R. Thomas), of the little mute girl she taught before her marriage. Mrs. Thomas says it is impossible for any one to imagine the distress there, unless they can witness it. She has had six cases of yellow fever in her house, but only one death, that of a little mute girl who had come home with Rosa Thomas to spend the vacation. She was the first to be taken sick, and died on the fifth day after all the others recovered. They did not leave the city, as they had no idea at first that it would be so epidemic, and then it was too late. Rosa is the niece of our late General George H. Thomas, of the United States Army, and has been attending school in Jackson, Miss., but may come north before long as her mother is not well satisfied with her progress there.

"FIND ME OUT."

A LETTER FROM THE BAY STATE.

BLACKSTONE, MASS., Oct. 8, 1878.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Having a few moments to spare, I thought I would write you some news that may be interesting to some of your numerous readers.

Previous to telling you the news, however, I wish to chronicle my severest disapprobation of the article from the pen of my friend, Mr. Dougherty, which appeared in his favorite paper, the "Advance." In his letter he hands the Ohio Institution to the skies, and at the same time takes great pains to injure the far-famed reputation of the New York Institution. If he ever meets with the graduates of "Fanwood" he will learn that she has sons and daughters worthy of her world-wide reputation. If I mistake not, he intends to visit the New York Institution next winter, and if so, the semi-mutes and smart mutes will impress upon his rather forgetful mind the familiar and wholesome adage "Look before you leap." It's true that many of the New York students leave college before completing their course, and thus necessitate themselves to be deprived of the salutary and beneficent effects which education unsparringly bestows upon its laborers. Mr. Dougherty also claims, in his letter, that the Ohio Institution has the greatest honor. Now, Mr. Editor, while admitting that the Ohio Institution has sent more sons to college, I venture to question that she deserves the most honor. I dare say Hartford has won the greatest honor, for the two out of the three best graduates Kendall College ever produced were from the American Asylum. Seeing, they say, is believing; hence if any disinterested person would peruse the letter written by a student who was returning home last year, and made a short stay at the New York Institution, he would, undoubtedly, be convinced of the excellence of that institution. The letter was written to your paper, and the writer says he was impressed with the intelligence of many New Yorkers; and in the same letter he declares that most of them could enter college with comparative ease. Are these facts not sufficient to show the enviable position which the New York Institution enjoys?

A few days since an old man, claiming to be a deaf-mute, entered the Patriot office and, in response to certain questions, asked of him by a deaf-mute who works in the office, gave answers which the questioner could not understand. I presume he can both hear and speak. He was a pedlar, and sells pens.

The writer heard of a deaf-mute, in a certain town, who prefers the cup of woe rather than subscribe for your paper. What a pity that a deaf-mute should prefer that "which steals away his brains" to that which would add to them!

Mr. George Legg, a deaf-mute, and a stranger to all in America, is at present employed in the Patriot office. He is a first-class compositor, and cannot be excelled in distributing. Mr. Legg came to this country from England with the best recommendations, and he well deserved them.

J. F. DONNELLY.

It is rumored that the reason why the fever has continued to rage so violently, and so long, is that a contractor used four thousand loads of garbage in filling up some of the New Orleans streets.

WITS AND TRADES.

Now that our boasted colleges and universities have reached the acme of imparting all manner of instruction, too many are led to consider it first-rate to attempt to "live on their wits." It has been conceded that the road to fortune is not easy, yet most of those wealthy self-made men now breathing the fresh air of the country amassed their fortunes through hard, honest and economical labor. Labor, however honest it may be performed, seldom raises the purse of a fellow. True and philosophical as this assertion is, it is a deplorable circumstance that a vast majority of our young men have a far greater preference for living on their wits. Lucrative and genteel employment is the first and principal object sought after by almost every sheepskin bearer of our various institutions of learning. Even a casual observer of the times can see for himself that such a declaration is no guess-work. To this, mutes are no exception. To remove all skepticism as to the natural abilities of deaf-mutes, so as to prove that they can, if they choose, stand on the same scale with hearing persons in most of the things which concern this life, is what monopolizes the attention of the writer for the time passing. The days when deaf-mutes were looked upon merely as objects of pity, and stared at as curiosities, have long since taken their flight, never more to return. In this age of civilization and refinement, with all the educational facilities at command, the education of deaf-mutes may possibly be raised to the same standard with persons blessed with all the five senses. It is worthy of note, however, that to accomplish this much rests upon the teachers and the pupils' own efforts. It has been universally acknowledged among all teachers of the deaf and dumb, and among all well-informed people, that the only perceptible difference between a deaf-mute and a hearing person is the deprivation of hearing, generally combined with the loss of the power of speech, on the part of the former. This is the only difference, or rather defect, so far as reason exists. Beyond this no other exceptions can be taken, in view of the fact that the minds of mutes expand in exactly the same manner as other persons. Every mute is an intellectual being, and is capable of understanding—no idiot, so far as the word is understood, as was the supposition of those in general who ought to have been born mutes in years gone by.

While it cannot be denied that mutes at the outset, labor under many disadvantages in the acquisition of language, it must be admitted that a good many hearing people, especially foreigners, are subject to the same disadvantage. The language of deaf-mutes who cannot help the mixedness of their composition is written abruptly, and much in a telegraphic manner, spelling the words correctly most always, but omitting many simultaneous-ly. This is their inevitable fault. Many hearing people spell very incorrectly, while their composition may be well connected. Frequently do the hearing people spell words in such an improper way as to create much more laughter than the most ludicrously awkward writings of a poorly-educated mute would produce. Hearing persons use their tongue for a guide, while the deaf and dumb make use of their signs. Each distinct class possesses its own vernacular. So here it seems apparent that the one class is no better or worse off than the other. Familiarity and time generally makes up what has long been lacking. A tolerably good medium of communication having once been caught hold of, and if exercised freely, the mutes at school can make as good a show of themselves as their more gifted brethren. An educated mute is adapted for society and justly entitled to enjoy it at all times.

Enough has been remarked to convince us that there is no real difference between a mute and a hearing child beyond the loss of one of the most essential of senses.

Experience clearly demonstrates the fact that people without trades are almost invariably those who struggle the hardest through the world. As it is with hearing people, it is precisely the same with mutes. Facts are before us where mutes passed their whole school period without seeing the necessity of learning any particular occupation as a means of their future self-support. As a natural consequence when their "schooling" is brought to a termination they leave the institution in a shape of great embarrassment and uncertainty—unless they are there after to cling to parental support and protection. They are puzzled to know how their time may be profitably employed so as to sustain an honest livelihood. An industrious man, or an expert in any vocation, is rarely "hard up" whenever there are chances for work. A slothful man, it has been well said, is a beggar's brother. There are scores of young men possessed of a fair collegiate education who have made unfruitful attempts to live on their wits; and, failing in this direction, soon came to their senses and have engaged in anything that is honorable. We have known of some such cases in regard to mutes.

Far be it from the reader to infer that mutes gifted in point of learning cannot compete successfully with their more fortunate fellow men. The ostensibly undeniable fact is that competent mutes can occupy any position in life where hearing is not a necessary requisite. Bear in mind, in this connection, that this very seldom occurs, and includes only such mutes as are competent for the position. For example, direct your attention to that deaf-mute holding the high, enviable and honorable position of Chief Patent

Examiner, at the Patent Office in Washington, D. C. Then, again, look at that heavy-brained mute that sways a quill and edits an influential Republican organ—editor and proprietor of a Massachusetts paper. Again, once more, look at those deaf-mute gentlemen who are principals of institution papers, and so on. Other instances are at hand, but the few just enumerated will suffice to show that, with great perseverance and research, deaf-mutes can rise to distinguished positions.

There is a false and ungrounded report among mutes to the effect that a mute who goes to college and graduates has better chances for getting positions. This is the object in view with most, if not all, mutes who go to college. This I deny, and proceed to prove it to be merely a saying. They are woefully mistaken in thus supposing, for, among hearing people, their A. B. avails them not a bit. The ideal is never realized. Successful obtaining of high positions among hearing people is dependent entirely upon despatch, and, the truth is, there are few high positions where despatch can be left behind, and these few are open to mutes. It is obvious to any reasoning being that it would consume too much valuable time to make known one's wants and wishes with a pencil all the time; and, as previously intimated, few can afford to do so. Therefore a collegiate education of a mute is, by no means, any thing like an auxiliary in the acquisition of elevated situations among the hearing classes, save in exceptional cases. It can readily be proven that mutes who attend to their trades, or who, by the way, are farmers, or who engage in business that is peculiarly adapted for them, are those who get along the best. It really matters not whether the mute is a regular graduate from college, or even an institution, he can be successful in that which he throws himself into, if only he has good business qualities or is adept in some one branch of industry. His misfortune estops him—even if he is J. L. D.—from holding positions where hearing is absolutely necessary.

To corroborate what has just been remarked, I will point out Professor Emery, D. D., of Chicago, who never went to college, but obtained his degree by home self-culture. Another, and still another, notable instance of deaf-mutes rising to some eminence is the Sauter Bros., of Illinois, two commonly educated mutes, who have thus far made wonderful headway in the auspicious business of boot and shoe manufacturing, which they are carrying on. And there is that mute gentleman in New York who is an extensive leather and hide dealer, with a reputation that extends to many different parts of the country. All these four well-known business men never enjoyed the benefits of a collegiate education, and yet they possibly could find it much easier to get along themselves than could one of their brothers from college, with "A. B." tied to his name. What more is necessary to prove that a college education is not essential for the success of mutes, when we have other instances at hand, and call to mind the large number of prosperous deaf and dumb farmers, who are either well off, or wealthy at least, and who never can boast that they were a "college boy?"

Home self-culture (a rule with the writer) does very much to add to the weight of a person's brains; and a good number of learned and professional men have risen to high positions by direct attention to self-culture. All under whose eyes this article may chance to fall must not suppose all the facts which have been stated, and, which are purely of a logical kind, are any disparagement to college education. Of those who go for the purpose of furthering their education, we cannot but praise their course, and say amen. Those who can go, should do so by all means—provided their motives are not fictitious. I reiterate that a mute without a trade, even if he could out-wit Solomon in knowledge, will find it poor policy to try to live on his wits. The experience of the lamented C. Hubbard, A. B., and other mutes from college, whose names the writer does not wish to make public, is a notable instance of this fact. Of such was, unfortunately, not the case, and if a college education would prove of any help to those who get it, in the future, in all likelihood the writer hereof would himself be a college-boy-to-day, as he has not yet reached his majority. But I had foreseen all the facts here put down, and, being a poor young man, could not well afford to waste much time, unnecessarily, since

There is money in a minute anyhow,
For coins are coined in a mint.

There is no need of discouragement with intelligent mutes because they fail to obtain the sort of work they had hoped to get. It should be remembered that a great many hearing persons, in every city, meet with just the same failures—our bachelor chum Sammy Tilden among the most recent. Fortunate indeed is the person, the mute in particular, whose expectations after graduating are fully realized. Permanent positions are obtainable only when there are chances, and, there are no chances so long as there are no vacancies.

Nowadays when fortune smiles upon a mute, and he secures a high and honorable position amidst the hearing classes, it would seem to be due more to fortuitous circumstances than real victory over one's persistent efforts. The reason why the hopes of so many (both hearing and deaf-mutes) are thus blighted lies in the overcrowded conditions of our towns and cities, with so many applicants for the same position. Farming is, undoubtedly, the best thing in the world for persons whom God saw fit to deny two of

the senses which are first in importance. To be successful requires talent and energy, and aside from these two praiseworthy qualities one cannot reasonably expect to be a successful farmer. It is better to be independent than to be dependent on menial. Then, as farming is thoroughly independent, the foundation of all business, why should not mutes who are able "go west?" The late Horace Greeley might have added a little to the weight of his judgment by making it read "Go west young man, or starve."

It is a very good thing to be a farmer;
And I'd like to be one, one of these days,
But alas! there's nothing but holes in my pockets.

Times the present year are unnaturally hard, and business unprecedentedly dull so that all business sufferers more or less. Everybody must, therefore, live on what he can get. Acting in compliance with the nature of the circumstances surrounding us, we all must do what we can get to do. To every mute, despite all his learning, a trade is indispensable; while it is very commendable that trades are taught the pupils, in all our institutions, it is a matter of much regret that so few appreciate them. Not until they leave the roof that has so long and gratuitously fostered them do they find the true essence of a trade. Then, if they have neglected all opportunities, and left know-nothings in respect to doing any thing, it is that they, like all such individuals, will fully comprehend the truthfulness of the aphorism,

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are those: it might have been."

J. E. GALLAGHER.

Girard, Ill.

NEWS FROM WESTERN NEW YORK.

ONEIDA, N. Y., Oct. 5, 1878.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I enjoyed the pleasure of visiting a few deaf-mutes in Steuben and Livingston counties last month. I have just returned home from a long ride through the beautiful valleys and hills. I drove my horse through Hammondsport, Bath, Avoca, Liberty, Wayland, Springwater and Naples. I met Jacob Shuster, a brother of Peter Shuster, now of Indiana. He is an uneducated farmer and living in the town of Wayne, near Bradford. He married Mrs. James Covert, whose husband was well known. He died some years since. Jacob is working on the premises of his wife. His brother Peter Shuster, a mute, formerly of Lyons, was a shoemaker by trade. He moved to Michigan about eleven years ago, when he married a young deaf-mute lady of Indiana. He removed to some place in Indiana, and has not been heard of since. Jacob is anxious to learn his whereabouts. Information concerning him should be directed to Jacob Shuster, Bradford, Steuben Co., N. Y., and it will be thankfully received. Will the readers of your paper please inform him of his whereabouts?

Henry Loveland, a mute of Loon Lake, near Liberty, is a hard-working farmer and is the support of an aged widowed mother.

Page Hatch, a mute of Springwater, about six miles from Henry Loveland's residence, is a farmer. He has rented 96 acres of land for one year, and has raised 10 acres of potatoes.

Henry Loveland invited me to take a pleasure ride with him to Cohocton. I was very much pleased to meet Miss Lucy Gilbert there. She is a lady of intelligence and goodness, and is very favorably known to her mute friends in the country. Then we took a pleasure ride down to Naples, which is celebrated for its exceedingly picturesque situation in the valley, and its excellent grapes, peaches, &c. I found Henry Fessenden very busy packing and shipping grapes to New York, Philadelphia and Boston. He is a nice gentleman, of excellent manners, who enjoys the respect and esteem of all his neighbors and friends. He is a grape grower and printer.

John Dougherty and Russel Smith, of Watkins, came to my house on foot. They have hired my horse and buggy to drive along the valley to Owego, about 35 miles, to-day. They will enjoy a visit to George Lucas and other friends there.

E. P. Morehouse, the mute and the photographer, once lived in Menasha, Wis., when I lived in Winneconne, 10 miles from him. I visited him twice there. He was steady and industrious, and was a postmaster. His wife was an accomplished and intelligent lady.

JOEL E. ANDREWS.

One little sprig of mignonette is sweeter than a wagon-load of sunflowers. One single fragrant rose-bud is more to be desired than acres and acres of coarse, rank, but showy flowers. So the sweet fragrance of a Christian spirit. The beauty, the gentleness, the loveliness of Christ in the soul is worth more than any outward form, however grand and imposing.

An ignorant fellow, who was about to get married, resolved to make himself perfect in the responses of the marriage service; but, by mistake, he committed the office of baptism for those of riper years; so when the clergyman asked him in the church, "Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?" the bridegroom answered in a very solemn tone, "I re-nounce them all." The astonished minister said, "I think you are a fool!" to which he replied, "All this I steadfastly believe."

The failure of Messrs. Hough, Bal-four & Co., of Manchester, Eng., is reported, with liabilities of between one and two millions. The firm was one of the oldest shipping houses in Manchester. It is feared that the failure will affect several small firms.

